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ON FORTUNE'S LADDER.

The general manager of the Great Consolidated Lighting and Railway Company sat at his desk giving orders to his secretary, and looking over various reports and letters which were stacked before him. He frowned as he glanced at a card handed him by an office boy.

"Cannot see him! Am too busy," he growled, waving his hand, testily.

"So I told him, sir, but he insists upon seeing you. He's been waiting an hour or more, now," said the boy, grinning.

"Can't help it! Am sorry! Tell him to come another time. What's the matter with Worth? Can't he hold down that place?" the great man continued, turning to his secretary. "I thought he was a first-class engineer."

"So he is, or seemed to be, but Hopkins was here a while ago, and said he was afraid you would have to make another change. Although Worth handled the smaller plant all right, Hopkins thinks this will prove too much for him."

"Humph! It's a very funny thing that a man with brains can not come to the front once in a while. Our technical schools seem to be turning out a lot of good-for-nothings; not one in a thousand can make practical use of his knowledge, and the practical men lack the inventive genius needed in emergencies. Well, keep your eye open for some one to put in his place if he fails. How about that plant at Willey? Any more trouble there?"

"No, not as reported this morning. Bracy was there all night, and gave the men instructions. Guess they'll make it go this time."

"Good! You don't think Bracy's the coming engineer?"

"Bracy has had no experience with lighting. His line is the railway."

The manager turned again to his papers, and read frowningly for some minutes, then whirled about in his chair to greet one of the directors of the company.

"How do you do, Mr. Cornwall? Glad to see you. Sit down," he said, as he laid aside his papers.

"I called to see how you were coming on. Found that genius yet that is great enough to hold the position of chief engineer in the Big Consolidated?" asked the magnate, jovially.

"That's just what we've been talking about. Worth has the position now. He's the fifth man we've placed there during the year. All of them were supposed to be number-one engineers in the smaller plants before they were abandoned; but it's a different thing to handle the men and keep things turning in the Big Consolidated."

"Yes, I suppose it is. A man must be inventive, skillful, painstaking, as well as one of infinite patience, tact, and executive ability," said the director.

"He must be able to rise to emergencies," replied the manager. "The unexpected is sure to happen and then there must be a man at the helm resourceful and quick to act. There usually is such a man if he can be found."

"You don't think you have found him in Worth, I see," said Cornwall.

"Time will tell, though I'm afraid not. He's educated and skilled, but he lacks confidence in himself and—genius. That's it. It is genius we want in the position."

"Well, we'll keep an eye out for our man. I believe genius has been defined as an infinite capacity for work," he said, laughing. "But I came over to talk about some coal lands I am interested in."

The secretary withdrew to an outer office, and the men continued their conversation. Meanwhile, in the ante-room, a young man waited for the moment when, from his very importance, he should be heard. His mind was at the present time a junk shop of broken plans and ambitions. But a few weeks since he had been in college studying his chosen profession of electrical engineering, the future seemed a certainty. Now college must be given up. It was the old story of accumulated wealth being swept away through the dishonesty of fellow-men, followed by the

father's death—the father who sank beneath the knowledge of his misfortune and extremity—and Hugh was already beginning to understand something of the mental strain that had broken his parent's heart.

There was but one path open to Hugh. He must get work along the line for which his study best fitted him. He must see the general manager before he slept.

For two hours he patiently watched the men enter and leave the office to which he was denied admittance. "By and by I shall have my inning," he muttered, as he looked at his watch. The director was leaving when he again waylaid the office boy.

"Will you kindly try once more to get me audience with Manager Wyman?" he asked the boy.

The boy grinned insolently. "I'll try, but I don't think you'll make it," he said. Presently he returned, and to Hugh's great joy, pointed toward the door. "You can go in," he announced.

Hugh sprang delightedly to his feet and entered the magnate's presence. Very briefly he made known his errand, asking for any kind of employment connected with the plant.

"I am afraid there is nothing. We are full at present," said the manager, not unkindly. He had scores of such applications.

"I am willing to do anything," persisted the young man, firmly.

Manager Wyman whirled around in his chair, and rang for his secretary.

"Has Worth asked for any men lately?" he inquired, shortly.

"He phoned this morning for a janitor's assistant," replied the secretary, respectfully. "No more than that."

"You see that we can do nothing for you," the busy man said, waving his hand in dismissal.

"I beg your pardon, but you can give me that position, can you not? That of janitor's assistant, I mean," persisted Hugh, as he stood hat in hand before him.

Manager Wyman looked his astonishment, and gave the young man more notice than before, since his entrance; then turning abruptly to his secretary, he ordered him to write a note to Worth. "The boy shall have the place," he said. "Thank you, sir," replied Hugh, as he followed the secretary into the outer office, from which he emerged a few moments later, carrying the precious paper of his appointment tightly buttoned in the inner pocket of his coat. He had access to the foot of the ladder up which he hoped to climb.

The next morning Hugh Warner, late collegian, became the assistant janitor in the plant of the Big Consolidated, and as he passed by the switchboards with his pail and broom, few would have recognized in him the football half-back of the University team; yet his clear shining eyes, and frank gaze showed an intelligence the workmen could not fail to notice. His work was to keep the floors and balconies of the switchboard end of the dynamo room clean, and to polish the metal work. He had ample opportunity to watch the men at the switchboards, and get the object lessons needed to supplement the theory learned at college. His labors were not wearing, if not very unremunerative, and gradually he won the good will of the men about him, who readily answered his pertinent questions.

He waited optimistically for his opportunity, and at last it came. "I say, Warner, will you watch this board while I run across the way a minute?" called the first turn operator, one morning, as Hugh, with rag and broom, passed him.

"You should have learned enough to do it by this time," Hugh's heart leaped at the proposal. His fingers had itched to manipulate that board. Here was his chance. He proved his knowledge of its requirements. This made a precedent for many future opportunities, of which Hugh was quick to take advantage. One day the third-turn operator was taken ill an hour or two before his relief. Hugh was sent to report the fact to the chief.

"You'll have to call the first-turn man to come and relieve him," said the engineer.

"Pardon me, if you are willing, I think I can fill out Williams' turn. I have helped the boys at odd times and I am sure I understand the work," said Hugh, modestly.

Chief Worth, harassed as he was by the magnitude of his responsibilities, had not before paid much attention to the janitor's assistant. Now, he looked searchingly at him. The frank, open face reassured him.

"All right, try your hand," he replied, and Hugh felt that, in a way, he had gained his first promotion, the more so as Williams' illness proved serious, and Hugh continued to substitute for him, for a month or more.

When Williams returned Hugh went back uncomplainingly to his work with brush and broom, but he had left a record behind him which did not pass unnoticed. It was found that, during the absence of the regular operator, the third-turn voltage charts showed a more even voltage than at any other time.

"That man has a head on him," remarked the chief. "We'll give him the first vacancy."

Some time after this, it chanced that altercation arose between the chief and one of his dynamo engineers, which resulted in the latter's putting on his coat and going home. Worth, excited and angry, looked about for a man to put in his place. At the moment Hugh passed by, and impulsively Worth called out to him.

"See here, Warner. Do you know anything of engineering?" he asked.

"I studied electrical engineering nearly four years at the University," replied Hugh. "I had nearly completed my course, when my father died, and I was obliged to come home."

"Really! Then why are you going round with a rag and broom?" "It was the only place open to me in this plant," said Hugh, smiling.

"Do you think you can fill Carter's place as third-turn dynamo engineer?" he asked.

"I know I can," confidently replied Hugh.

"Well, I am going to give a chance to try it," said Worth, setting his lips obstinately. "You look as if you might have the right stuff in you," and Hugh set his feet upon the second rung of the ladder.

Much to Hugh's discomfiture, this second promotion wrought jealousy among the workmen. That he, a janitor's assistant, had been raised over their heads was an unpardonable affront. Had the shops been unionized such a thing might not have been. Hugh gave his orders, and insisted upon obedience, while, gnawing their bone of contention, the men sullenly acquiesced. He was more directly under the eye of his chief after his promotion, and knew that, if he did his work skillfully and conscientiously, he would not be removed; yet he felt the antagonism and ill-will in the atmosphere about him. Thus matters continued for several months.

One storm-swept night, as Hugh was on his way to the plant for his turn, he met Chief Worth with the general manager and several wiremen, apparently excited, and gesticulating toward a tall steel tower, one of two which carried the heavy cables spanning the river. A wire had become grounded, burned off, and now threatened to cut off the entire lightning service of the city by its swinging contact with other cables. The wiremen refused to climb the tower.

"A man might as well commit suicide as to attempt it under these conditions," said the foreman. Hugh saw and comprehended the danger. The burned-off, swinging wire, the water-soaked insulation, and the great steel tower, charged with fifteen thousand volts of the death fluid which passed through its cables, made a danger from which the bravest must shrink. He knew, too, that the swinging wire was liable at any moment to come into contact with other wires, cutting them off, and dropping them on unprotected heads.

"There is but one thing to do," said the general manager, gloomily. "We shall have to shut off the power, and leave the city in darkness."

The words struck a chill to the hearts of his hearers. What of the great city left in darkness, a prey to the evil that loves darkness rather than light? Yet no one could suggest a remedy. They felt with the manager that it was the only thing to do. And what was done must be done quickly.

Meanwhile, Hugh's brain had been swiftly working. He stepped forward.

"I will go up, and cut the wire," he said, resolutely, addressing Manager Wyman.

"You?" Engineer Worth caught his arm. He had learned to like Hugh, and respect his judgment, but this was foolhardiness. "Do not risk it, lad. It is certain death," he said.

"I think not, sir. I shall protect myself." Hugh was already knocking the wooden hoops from a barrel that lay under the canopy of the warehouse by which they stood. Breaking them in the middle over his knee, he passed them over his shoulder to shoulder, hastily securing them with cord which he drew from his pocket. "Now, if the wiremen will lend me raincoat, gloves, and boots, I believe I shall be thoroughly protected," he said.

"He is right; he can do it!" cried the manager, and with breathless interest they watched the young man as he ascended the trellis work of the tower. The rain came in gusts, the lights seemed to go nearly out, as the wind whistled spitefully about the wires, while Hugh slowly and carefully climbed the slippery footing of the ladder. Once the swinging wire seemed to strike him, and a cry went up from the anxious on-lookers. Higher and higher he climbed, and as the lights glimmered and flickered fitfully along the black of the tower, they saw Hugh reach out and cut the swinging wire off close to the insulator, thus removing all danger from further damage to the feeders. The audible sigh of relief from those below showed to what tension their emotions were wrought. As they began to breathe freely, Hugh descended the trellis.

"Who is he?" inquired the manager.

"The fellow you sent out to me as janitor's assistant, now third-turn dynamo engineer," said Worth, proud of his protégé.

"At last, at last," murmured Manager Wyman, nodding his head complacently. "I have found the man I have been looking for; the man of resources."

Hugh is now chief engineer in one of the great electrical plants of the world. Do you recognize him?—*Rosetta Luce Gilchrist.*

Care of Irons.

Many people have been annoyed at finding their irons rusty after they have been put away a few days. The way to prevent this happening is, before you put them away, to rub a little warm grease over them and then wrap them up in brown paper. When you take them out to use dip them into hot water that has had a small piece of soda dissolved in it, rub dry and then put them to heat in the usual way. When they are ready to be used on the ironing-board have a piece of brown paper with a little powdered bath brick on it and rub the surface of your iron with this. It seems rather lengthy process, but it really does not take long to do, and housewives will be rewarded for the trouble they have taken by finding the irons delightfully smooth and easy to use, and when they are like this the ironing can be done twice as quickly.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

REV. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, Pastor
Sunday service at 7.30 P. M.

Above services discontinued during the summer, will re-open on the first Sunday in October, at 7.30 P. M. Bible Class meets at 8 o'clock.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P. M.

MY DEAF RIVAL.

If I were asked at this moment whether I believe in spiritualism—or drugs—I should reply that I do not know. I am a child in such matters.

The situation when my friend, Frank Baldock, visited me on the 26th December was this:—I had known him for about six years—a big, handsome fellow of a charming disposition. He was deaf—not stone deaf—but just deaf enough to trust upon people who wished to converse with him the onus of carrying about with them lungs of about twenty thousand horse power capacity.

For three years we had both loved Amy Sedgwick, a most charming young lady.

Baldock possessed some qualities far above mine. He was good-looking, deported himself like a Greek athlete, and behaved with the easy grace of an Adonis. Still, I hoped that Amy would ignore more physical qualifications and look deeper for real worth. Besides—Baldock was deaf!

One feature of our rivalry was eminently satisfactory. We were both quite frank about it. On the particular afternoon with which this narrative is concerned, Baldock came to my rooms, lit a cigarette, and remarked:—"Phil, I've got some news for you. I'm going to speak to Amy to-night."

"You said you had news for me!" I yelled.

"Do you believe in spiritualism?" he asked.

"No, I don't," said I, emphatically.

"We're going to consult a medium on the all-important point," he went on quietly.

"Don't be ridiculous," I said, sternly.

"I've invited one here to help us to solve the problem," said Frank, coolly.

"But I don't want to have anything to do with such people," I urged.

"Oh, come now, Phil, I've made arrangements, and you won't make yourself disagreeable, I know. You're not engaged to-night?"

"Baldock," I exclaimed, rising and facing him, "do you mean to say that you've arranged to bring a spiritualist here to-night?"

"That's it," said he, aggravatingly. "I've fixed half-past seven. I'm going to speak to Amy at nine, and I want to know my fate before I go."

"I admire your assurance," I remarked.

"I knew you'd act sensibly," he said, taking his hat. "You won't be out in case you find you're well—not the lucky man?"

"Oh, get out!" I yelled, ejecting him.

I will draw a veil over my reflections in the interval before the spiritualist arrived, with Baldock. The former gave one the impression that he was recommending someone's hair restorer.

After introductions, we proceeded to business. Mr. Watson—that was the gentleman's name—sat before the fire, lowered the gas, and gazed fixedly into space. Probably he intended his appearance to be token profundity; for my own part I thought his expression similar to that of a man who has just discovered that he has given a two-shilling piece to a beggar instead of a penny.

Presently he requested us to sing a hymn, but neither of us obliged, for which, remembering Baldock's vocal abilities, I was profoundly grateful. However, the clairvoyante did the honours herself. I was glad that it didn't last long. Presently he closed his eyes and gave vent to a groan. I started to procure some brandy, but Baldock waved me back and whispered that the trance was commencing.

There was magnetism, electricity, mystery—call it what you like—in the air.

"My dear friends," began the spiritualist—or the spirit or whatever it was. Baldock gave me a look indicating that the medium was "under control."

We were first favoured with a discourse on the condition of individuals "after leaving the body." Then the hand of the medium was outstretched. Baldock half rose from his seat and gripped it.

"Mr. Baldock"—we distinctly heard the words, and saw Mr. Watson's lips move—"There is a lady in your thoughts, and you are going to ask her a very important question. You will do so to-night; the hour is at hand. You will meet with success; the answer will make you happy."

I will not attempt to describe my feelings. Resentment, I fancy, was uppermost, against the unnatural alliance which my rival had contracted to circumvent me.

Mr. Watson rubbed his eyes, and made a commonplace remark in his natural voice.

"I am exceedingly indebted to you," said Baldock.

Mr. Watson expressed his pleasure in being of use to his fellow creatures.

When, after showing him out, I returned to Baldock, he held out his hand.

"Congratulate me," he said. "Premature," said I.

"Phil, old man," he said. Before I go, let us pledge our friendship in a bumper. Bring out the best wine you've got."

As I rummaged in the cellar, a wild idea entered my brain. I reflected that I was not receiving quite fair treatment at the hands of fate. A supernatural alliance had been formed against me. Why should not set myself to upset their calculations, and defy Fate? The thought electrified my brain, and instantly I had decided on a course of action.

Selecting my oldest bottle of port, I poured out two glasses. Then, going to a drawer I took out a drug, with those properties I was well acquainted. In less than five minutes after partaking of a small quantity, a man would be totally unconscious. I drugged one of the glasses, and returned to Baldock.

"Drink this," said I.

"Here's to our friendship," said Frank, draining his glass.

I touched his glass with mine and drank.

"That's old," he remarked, lighting a cigarette.

I made no reply, I was busy with my thoughts.

"How queer you look, old fellow!" he went on. "By the way, shall I knock you up to let you know the result of my call on Amy?"

I could have laughed aloud. Little did he dream that in a few moments he would be helpless in my hands.

"Sit down," said I. He did so, and I watched him furtively. He had told me that I looked queer. Had he known my feelings he would have marvelled.

I glanced in a mirror and shuddered at the sight I beheld. It was the face of a murderer.

Baldock lay still and silent. There was no remorse in my heart. Times change and we change with them; and the cards that Fate deals out to us we play. I felt at that moment the awful truth of the axiom that we are but automata in the hands of destiny.

But I must hurry on to the end. The events seem like an evil dream. As I donned my hat and coat, I remembered that Amy would be at home at nine. It was now a quarter before that hour. Frank was a prisoner, after all! I lowered to see her first after I was going to the light, and looked across to that dark corner where my rival lay fast in the coils. If Amy rejected me—then—

Dead men do not propose to young ladies. I was a desperate man.

Events happened rapidly. I can see the whole thing clearly at this moment like a moving scroll of pictures. It was biting cold, and the pavement was coated with snow. People hurried by; lights shone in many windows, and the pulse of the mighty city beat high.

Amy's trivialities I brushed aside. "I came to tell you that I love you, and to ask you to be my wife." The words sounded strange in my ears, and my voice seemed hollow and unnatural.

Amy did not temporise. She was sorry, but it was impossible. She hoped to remain my "friend."

I was conscious of a growing belief in spiritualism. I shook hands with my goodness, and returned with a feeling of elation. I would falsify the medium's prediction.

Arriving at my room, I turned up the gas and glanced at my rival. He was helpless. My breath came and went; my fingers tingled. A stone's throw behind my house flowed the river broad and deep. It was a dark night; no one would ever suspect me.

I seized the prostrate form. Then something seemed to snap in my brain, and I found Baldock struggling with me; I was being overpowered; I was falling; falling—

The next thing I knew was that I was seated in a chair, and that Frank sat opposite me with an anxious look in his eyes. Remorse seized me now. Inwardly I thanked a kindly Fate that had saved me from crime.

"Phil,—I say, Phil! Wake up! Whatever's the matter with you?" I heard Frank shout.

I rubbed my eyes, and sat bolt upright.

"Why, you've actually been asleep!" cried Frank, staring at me in amazement. As soon as you had drank that glass of port you simply lay down there and went asleep! Whatever's gone wrong with you? You'd better see a doctor, old man! Are you sure there was nothing in your glass before you poured the wine into it?"

I made no reply. The truth flashed upon me; I had given Baldock the wrong glass, and had taken the drugged wine myself!

I had been asleep—and dreaming. I had never been out; I had never seen Amy, nor been rejected! It was all a phantasm of my brain.

"Was I talking in my sleep?" I asked Frank.

"Your lips were moving," he replied—"but I couldn't catch any sound. If you said anything, it was in a very low voice."

A sigh of relief escaped me. I thanked my stars that my friend was deaf.

"Well, I must be going," said Frank—"It's nearly ten. I shan't see Amy to-night. Good-bye, old man. Don't forget to see a doctor!"

Amy married a dashing young guardsman a couple of months later. Frank and I are the best of friends, and he will never know the truth of what happened on that eventful night.—*A Shankland in British Deaf Times.*

Globe-Trotters.

Messrs. Henri Mercier and Duc de Plessis arrived last June at San Francisco from Japan. They remained a few days at Oakland as guests of Douglas Tilden. There they parted, Mercier went to Los Angeles where he left for Mexico. He went back to New York and sailed for France, his dear native land. The other gentleman went to Yosemite Valley and Mariposa Big Trees. He just missed the experience of being held up on a stage which took place a few hours previously. Later, he went to Los Angeles. Fascinated with the charms of the semi-tropical surroundings of the city as he was, his stay was prolonged week after week until the middle of August. He was then a guest of Granville Redmond. He, as seems from what he has planned, has gone to Mexico and returned to New York. He expects to be home again in gay Paris next month. He and Mercier left Paris last winter and traveled through the Suez Canal, in Hindostan as far as to the Himalayas, Ceylon included, and in China and Japan. They found lots of pleasure, seeing novel things, more or less civilized natives and costly temples and palaces, taking hundreds of snaps with their kodaks and making thousands of dollars' worth of purchases. Mercier spent the most. For instance, he spent about \$10,000 on silk goods, furniture, curios, etc., in Japan. They kept sending boxes home from different ports. They met a number of deaf folks and visited their schools, and found the Japanese deaf especially interesting on account of their intellectual wakening. Mercier, his deaf brother and his two married sisters have inherited an immense fortune which their father amassed by making champagne which has become famous abroad. Duc de Plessis is a Parisian sculptor of merit. He follows his profession rather out of love than for a living.—*Cal. News.*

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 20, 1906.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,

Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose tone of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

ONE of the most important things for a deaf-mute boy—or for any boy—to learn is the art of taking orders. That prompt and intelligent obedience to commands which is so necessary in order to insure against uncertainty and confusion, ranks even ahead of the ability to properly execute them. The fact is, and always will be, that failure to understand what is required to be done, or carelessness in getting the proper directions, are almost inevitably fatal to a satisfactory performance of duty. It is very exasperating to any employer to be obliged to repeat what has been said before. Of course, if the directions are not understood, it is better to have them clearly explained. Do not pretend to understand, and then guess what is wanted. Such a course will very quickly engender a feeling of distrust in your capabilities, and once that feeling is begotten in an employer, it will take a long time to eradicate it. An employer's lack of confidence in your ability, will surely hinder your opportunities and keep your wages low.

Many deaf-mutes have lost situations simply because they had a slipshod way of following directions given them. Many more have shared a like fate, consequent upon the inability to promptly obey orders. They probably reason that it is only a slight fault; but that is where they are entirely wrong. The head of any establishment depends for his success upon the prompt obedience to his orders. If he has any man, or men, who do not carry out his wishes quickly and correctly, it will not take long for him to discover their failings, and it will take still less time to get better men to replace them.

In our schools for the deaf, there are large numbers of pupils who have to be taught not only to obey but to think upon what is told them. No one expects wisdom and accuracy in such pupils. They must be trained to obey, and the reason given them that their education depends upon obedience. They must be told over and over again that rules are made for their benefit, and not for their oppression. When this lesson is once well learned, they will have less trouble in mastering all the lessons that may follow.

"I have withdrawn from our amateur acting club," said Willie Washington.

"Why?"
"I couldn't stand it any longer, you know. I was cast for the villain, and Miss Pepperton was the heroine, and she was to say, 'Villain, do you hear?'"
"That was easy."
"Y-a-a-s; but Miss Pepperton wouldn't repeat the words. She said I had already done as badly as anyone could reasonably expect."

NEW YORK.

William Lipgens a Citizen of the U. S.

AN ARTIST IN GOLD.

News Brevities.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York. A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

In the United States Circuit Court for the District of New York, Mr. Wm. Lipgens, formerly of Düsseldorf, Germany, took the oath of allegiance to the United States of America.

With the aid of Francis W. Nubner, who acted as interpreter, and also used his knowledge of the law to the best advantage; he appeared before the said Court on the 14th day of September and was examined as to qualifications. These were found satisfactory, and as a further proof he produced a clipping from a paper, which gave an account of the famous silver dollar which he hammered into a replica of President Roosevelt on horseback in his rough rider uniform. This was filed with his examination papers, and he was told to return within an hour to have the oath administered.

On his return there was a long line in waiting, but the Court on seeing him, ordered the attendants to take him at once to the head of the line, and he was quickly transformed in a full-fledged American citizen. The oath was administered by Justice Alexander.

The United States of America now numbers among its citizens one who is considered the foremost of artists in his line (gold) in the world. What is Germany's loss is our gain!! There have been many deaf-mutes from England, France, Austria, and Germany, emigrating to this country, and who were of varying degrees of skill in their respective occupations, but none who ever held a more lucrative position than Mr. Lipgens.

In Tiffany's, where he is continuously employed, his value is so recognized that it is almost impossible for him to get a day off, no matter how dull the season may be. Work that requires the highest standard of excellence and dispatch is always placed in his hands, and he has never failed to give satisfaction.

The League of Elect Surds is proud to count him among its members and his acquaintance and friendship are much sought after.

His works and name will grace the Museums of Art in the future, and he will always be an example of what a person though deaf can accomplish.

Mrs. Lipgens, who is now traveling in Europe, will be proud of his good fortune, as soon as mail can reach her, and no doubt she will be very happy when she returns as an American citizen's wife.

The following, from a Port Jervis, N. J., newspaper, refers to a pupil of "Fanwood":—

"Walter Edwin Kadel, aged fifteen years, son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Kadel, who has been attending the New York City Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, was confirmed at the morning service, Sunday, September 9th, at St. Peter's Lutheran Church by the pastor, Rev. Theodore O. Posselt.

"The service was conducted in an impressive manner in the sign language and interpreted aloud to the congregation by Rev. Mr. Posselt.

"After the ceremony Mrs. H. M. Janville sang a soprano solo 'Take, Thine My Hands and Lead Me,' and the service closed with the benediction."

W. Schell, of 22 Keiser Road, Old Mill, has a boat house and sailing yacht, and parties wishing a sail on Jamaica Bay should call on him and get terms.

Mr. Robert E. Maynard is rapidly convalescing from quite a serious attack of pleurisy. He may go West for a short stay, to build up his constitution to its former standard.

The marriage of Miss Mary Bertine to Mr. James B. Gass is announced. The ceremony will occur at the home of the bride, in Brooklyn, on Tuesday, October 2d.

Mrs. Luke D. Sullivan has bought a house in Orange, N. J., and will go there to reside permanently with her two children, about the first of October.

The engagement of Miss Dora Labischner, of New York, to Mr. Leonard Wasserman, of Amsterdam, N. Y., is announced.

Mr. Jacques Alexander, the New York artist, was in Philadelphia last Sunday, and probably is still lingering in "Slowtown."

An aunt of Louis Lyons died on the night of September 16th, aged eighty-one years.

HERE AND THERE.

Mr. Murray Campbell, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., recently made a trip to Charlestown, S. C., on one of the old Dominion Line Steamers. It was not a carefully planned trip. Throwing a miscellaneous assortment of wearing apparel into his dress-suit case, he dashed for the station, caught a train by the fraction of a second, and by the time the Grand Central Station was reached, had decided on Charlestown as the proper place to spend the day end of his vacation.

He had a rough trip over but enjoyed himself immensely.

With rare foresight he had provided himself with two silk outing caps, for steamer wear, and one sunny day found him lolling luxuriously in a steamer chair, puffing at a cigarette, and deeply absorbed in a magazine. One silken cap was tilted rakishly over his massive dome of thought. The ship's purser lounged nearby. Suddenly a puff of wind ruffled the pages of the magazine, lifted his silken cap, and sent it far out on the bosom of the broad Atlantic. The purser laughed.

Descending to his stateroom, Mr. Campbell hauled out the other silk cap, jammed it savagely on his head and resumed his seat. For the next half hour he was busy indeed, holding on to his cap with one hand, and turning the magazine with the other. How he managed his cigarette, I do not know. There came a moment of relaxation for the silken head gear followed its companion over the taffrail, and fluttered a mocking good-bye, ere it fell into the sea. The purser roared.

Murray Campbell trod the deck hatless during the rest of the trip, and reached Charlestown with a heavy cold. His eyes were so watery during his brief stay that he failed to see any of the beauties the quaint Southern town is famed for. One other incident of his trip deserves to be recorded. Two gentlemen came on deck one evening and invited him to take a stroll with them. Campbell declined, he was too tired, thereupon one of the gentlemen made a couple of facial contortions after the manner of pure orators. Campbell's wits were wool-gathering, for the lip movements meant *ail* to him. He peered into the gentleman's face, with an inquiring expression. More facial gymnastics on the part of the gentleman. No results. A second, third, and fourth time did Campbell thrust his face close to the gentleman's mouth, in brave endeavor to solve the puckering lips. Pure oratorical declined twenty-five points at each trial. Finally in despair Campbell led the gentlemen down stairs to the smoking room. Even in the broad glare of the electric lights, the riddle remained unsolved. At last in exasperation one of the gentlemen pulled out a pad and pencil and wrote, "I said good-night." Campbell has not yet recovered from the blow.

College students refer to the college routine as the "grind." Students of Gallaudet College have quite an expressive sign for it, simply turning an imaginary crank on the palm of one hand, and assuming an expression of tense effort. It is quite impressive to the rank outsider.

I recently came across an amazing use of the "grind," in a letter, "I am grinding the history," written by a student who was making up conditions in that subject. Perhaps the student wasn't far wrong, after all. "Grinding" exactly described the mental process whereby that student hoped to remove the condition. I am curious to know the result of the examination. I hope the grinding did not hurt the history.

I have no fear for the student.

MATUN.

Catholic Church Notices.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street—Instruction and Services on Sundays in the College Hall, at 3.30 P.M.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

JERSEY CITY—St. Peter's, 144 Grand Street, Services and Instruction in the College Hall, at 3.30 P.M., on the first Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S. J.

NOTICE.

To the members of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf:—

President Reider has re-appointed Mr. H. E. Stevens official statistician of the Society for another year.

R. M. ZEIGLER,
Secretary P. S. A. D.

September 17, 1906.

INDIANA.

Big Crowd at the State Fair.

Fair.

ELKHART JOTTINGS.

News of All Sorts.

Indiana Agency of DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, 320 Blake Street, Indianapolis. News items and subscriptions solicited.
A. H. NORRIS, Agent.

Last week being State Fair week, we naturally expected to see a large number of the deaf from outside points in the city, but were badly disappointed. Of the many thousands who attended from outside points, a much smaller percentage were silent folks than has been the case for many years. This year was a record-breaker for attendance, too. The steam roads were compelled to bring extra coaches from distant divisions in order to handle their share of the traffic—while the interurbans used everything they had on wheels—even borrowed cars from Columbus, O., and other points—and still failed to accommodate all who wanted to ride.

The city lines were hard pressed also, but by running Illinois Central and College cars through to the fair grounds, and maintaining a schedule of three cars to the minute on the fair grounds loop, managed to do a great deal better than ever before. Not a single accident occurred on the car lines during the entire week.

Mrs. A. H. Norris and "Reddy, Jr." recently attended the wedding of Mrs. Norris' sister at Middletown, Ind.

Lost—strayed or stolen—one Robert Earl Binkley—last seen in the wilds of Cook County, Ill. Notify the boys.

The deaf of the city are taking a marked interest in our new school, and scarce a Sunday passes without a score of more of them visiting the work and inspecting what has been done.

The many friends of Rev. A. W. Mann will be pleased to learn that he has entirely recovered from injuries received in a railway collision on August 4th. He has resumed active duty again, and will be at Christ Church for the usual services at 10:30 A.M. and 3 P.M., Sunday, October 14th. On Monday evening, the 15th, he will preach at Terre Haute.

We are pleased to announce that Mr. Henry D. Miller has consented to become permanent agent for the JOURNAL for Elkhart, and vicinity, vice R. Otis Yoder, who returns to school next week. Items concerning the deaf in that locality should be sent to him at Middlebury.

ELKHART.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene A. McCullough were the perpetrators of a birthday surprise at Henry D. Miller's home, on August 18th last. Mrs. J. Berryman is back home in Elkhart from a four weeks' visit in the Windy City with her eldest son, who is employed as an engineer on the Lake Shore & M. S. R. R.

September 6th Mr. Whitmore, of La Porte, rode in the Twentieth Century Flyer from Chicago to Buffalo, N. Y., for a pleasure trip.

Mr. Hanline, formerly one of the teachers of the Jacksonville (Ill.) School, has a fine and prosperous photograph gallery in Elkhart, and his \$2,200 cottage is almost completed, and he expects to move in it by September 14th. His wife is a Rochester, N. Y., graduate.

Mr. Noah L. Harris, of Indianapolis, came to spend the rest of his vacation, September 15th. He is spending it with Otis R. Yoder, of Shipshewana, before he returns to resume his position as the foreman of the shoe shop at the School for the Deaf.

Since the recent death of his father, Mr. Elias P. Cripe, of Goshen, has volunteered to take the responsibility of caring for his blind brother and aged mother. Much credit to him.

A C. E. meeting was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. Markley, at Shipshewana, last Sunday, September 9th. There was a fair attendance in spite of the remote place where they are living. Henry D. Miller, the president of the C. E. S., lectured from Daniel 5:27-30. The majority of them took part in the programme. The rest of the day was spent in sociability and eating watermelons and muskmelons. Those in attendance were Chas. E. Neff, of Bristol; Otis R. and Wm. Yoder, of Shipshewana; Miss Zora Neff and her sister, of Lagrange, accompanied by Fletcher Sackett, of Ligonier; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Miller, of Elkhart; and Amos Shaum, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Miller, of Middlebury, Ind.

Mr. Earl Gowker, of Goshen, Ind., is the owner of a second-hand auto cycle.

Word comes to us concerning a twelve-year old girl being unable to

be sent to school for want of money. One of our deaf-mutes saw her, and reported that poverty was on all sides. She has attended school only two years. Last year she staid at home.

[The above evidently refers to Eva Hollar, of Aetna Green, and it seems to us the proper thing to do would be to report the case to the truant officer at that place.—N.]

Otis R. and William Yoder, two young fellows of much promise, are going back to school September 26th. Otis is one of the enthusiastic workers in the C. E. S., and we miss him.

No doubt many will be surprised to learn of the quiet marriage of Mr. Herbert Cavanaugh, of Wolcottville, to Miss Ritter, a hearing sister of Robert Ritter, of Albion, Ind., on September 1st.

From September 5th to 8th, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Miller, of Middlebury, made a visiting tour in a buggy to Bremen, to call on Misses Dora Grumwalt, Lillie Innis and Grise and Hollar, of Elma Green, and Opha Yoder, of Napier, and then to the parents of Mrs. Miller. They really enjoyed it well.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

MRS. W. I. TILTON.

Mrs. W. I. Tilton died at 10:30 o'clock Wednesday morning, August 29th, at Passavant Hospital at the age of thirty-one years. She is survived by her husband, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Lisle, of Peoria; one sister, Hattie, residing at home, and two brothers, Edward Lisle, of Streator, and Robert Lisle, of Kewanee.

The following is taken from a local paper:

"Friends and relatives of Mrs. W. I. Tilton gathered Friday morning, at 10:30, at Trinity Episcopal Church to pay the last tribute of respect to a beautiful life. The beautiful day, the beautiful flowers and the beautiful and impressive service robbed the occasion of much of its sadness. Rev. William Mitchell, rector of the church, was in charge of the service. His remarks regarding the life and character of the deceased, his reference to the life here and the life beyond was spoken with such a confidence that it consoled not only the bereaved relatives and sorely-stricken husband, but inspired the entire congregation with a more confident hope of immortality. Death in the body and life in the spirit were so well contrasted and explained as a part of God's great plan for His children that the consolation to the family and friends was of a most sustaining character.

"Dr. H. H. Oneal of Grace M. E. Church added his tribute to the sweet life that had been lived, and spoke with the same assurance of a resurrection by and by and of a blessed reunion between those who are called now and those who will follow a little later on.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," favorite hymns of the deceased, were sung by the congregation and after a fervent prayer the services at the church were concluded. Mr. Elmer Read interpreted the service in the sign-language at the church, and Mrs. H. T. Richards acted as interpreter at the grave. Interment took place in Jacksonville cemetery and remains were borne to their last resting-place by the bearers, Felix E. Farrell, H. M. Andre, H. T. Richards, Arthur Rink, of Beardtown, James H. Danskin and H. H. Bancroft. The many beautiful flowers were cared for by Mrs. E. E. Crabtree, Mrs. J. H. Danskin and Mrs. H. T. Richards. Those present to attend the funeral from a distance were Mr. and Mrs. John W. Lisle, parents of the decedent, of Peoria; Robert Lisle, of Kewanee; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lisle and daughter, of Streator; Miss Hattie Lisle, of Peoria; Henry Higgins and daughter, Miss Mary Higgins, of Winchester, and Arthur Rink, of Beardtown."

—The Deaf American.

Eggs as Food.

Would it not be wise to substitute more eggs for meat in our daily diet? About one third of an egg is solid nourishment. This is more than can be said of meat. There are no bones, no tough pieces that have to be laid aside. A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, sixty parts white and and thirty parts yolk.

The white of an egg contains sixty per cent water and the yolk 52 per cent. Practically an egg is animal food, and yet there is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. Vegetarians use eggs freely, and many of these men are 80 and 90 years old and have been remarkably free from sickness.

Eggs are best when cooked four minutes. This takes away the animal taste which is offensive to some, but does not harden the white and yolk so as to make them difficult of digestion. Such eggs should be eaten with bread and masticated very finely.

An egg spread on toast is fit for a king—if kings deserve better food than anybody else. Fried eggs are much less wholesome than boiled

ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only a clean and wholesome, but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best dressing. Eggs contain much phosphorus which is supposed to be beneficial to those who use their brains much.—Pittsburg Press.

SOME GRAND OLD MEN.

ONE REACHED THE AGE OF 140 AND WAS MARRIED NINE TIMES.

It seems difficult to realize that a man died only a week or two ago who first saw the light in the year when Captain Cook was murdered, who might have heard Wesley preach, and who was a man of twenty-six when Nelson died at Trafalgar. And yet this is the wonderful record of Caesar Booker, who died at Washington recently, and who was mourned by half-a-dozen children, the eldest of whom was a stripling of ninety-six.

But Caesar, veteran as he was, and entitled to the respect we accord to old age, was regarded as quite a youngster by Noah Raby, who was several years his senior, and who was full of life and plans for the future three years ago. He was thus described at this time: "In appearance he is slight, weighing less than 100 lb. His hair is thin and grey and figure is bent; but his muscles remain firm and his grip is strong, while he exhibits a buoyancy and energy which would be remarkable in a man of seventy."

Noah was born as long ago as 1773, soon after the quarrel between America and the mother-country and two years before Washington put himself at the head of New England farmers and mechanics, who inaugurated the War of Independence; and he was twenty-six when Washington died at his house on the Potomac. For 120 years Noah had been a hard smoker, and his view of life was expressed in these words: "I've nothing to complain of. I have had plenty to eat all my life, and I've enjoyed myself as much as most men. I hope to live several years yet."

Three years ago there died in Albania one Imaul Hudgo, who was born in 1741, when Washington was a Virginian schoolboy, and when George III. had barely left his cradle. So wonderful was this old man's vigor that at the age of 158 he was able to walk eleven miles without feeling fatigue. His general appearance was described as that of a healthy, middle-aged man; and when he died he had an almost perfect set of teeth.

In the valley of Codpa, in Peru, might be seen three years ago a woman, named Martina Cela-la, working in the fields at the age of 149. She had been twice married; and though her first matrimonial venture was made at the mature age of forty, her eldest son, if he had survived, would have celebrated his hundredth year some time ago. When Donna Martina was 142 years old she was known to climb up a fig tree to gather the fruit, and she celebrated her 144th birthday by six hours' good work in the field. Peru, by the way, is prolific of centenarians, and it is said to be quite a common thing to see Indians working at one hundred years and more with the vigor and endurance of young men.

Four years ago there died in Belgorod, in Russia, a man who had reached the age of 140, and who had spent his long life as a professional beggar, like his father before him. Nine times he took to himself a wife; and when he tired of one spouse he simply left her and found a successor as readily as possible. The chronicler of his strange career writes: "It is interesting to note that, in spite of his long life, he was not burdened with the three great sorrows, want, worry, and family."

In the Madrid Hospital a short time ago was an old lady who was born at Granada on October 12th, 1781. At the age of 121 her health and mental condition were described as excellent. She was living in the hospital as a pensioner rather than an invalid, and her age was attested by unimpeachable documentary proof. But centenarians are common in Spain. There is at Barcelona a farmer who, at 116 years of age, still supervises the work of his farm; Valencia boasts a man who at 130 years is still hale and hearty; and at Tortosa, quite recently, a girl, Elisa Sagarra, was baptized in the presence of her mother, grandmother, great grandmother, and great-great grandmother.

At Swiss Elm, Ohio, Mirah Davis ("Aunt" Mirah, they call her) is keeping house for white-haired great-grandson, at the age of 124, and, on the evidence of her neighbors, who ought to know, she can still do a good day's washing. Aunt Mirah, who is a bit of a philosopher, gives the following excellent advice to those who wish to rival her length of days: "The best rule for a long life," she says, "is just this—don't worry! If I add anything else it would be to be always employed in some useful work and to take plenty of sleep."

Intelligence of the Ant.

An interesting demonstration of the intelligence of the ant was made by a student in the biological department of the University of Pennsylvania. The young man constructed a roadway two feet in length of metal, and divided it into two parallel paths, separated by a high partition. One of the paths he painted red and the other blue, and at their end, in plain view, he put a morsel of rich cake, says the *Philadelphia Record*. He then sent an ant at the beginning of the roadway. The ant at once made for the cake over the red path, whereupon the student turned on a lamp under his mechanism and heated the path to an uncomfortable degree.

The ant kept on and finally secured the cake, but on its return it must have told itself that it had had a mighty uncomfortable journey. Several hours later the student brought it out again, another morsel of cake being set at the end of the roadway. The ant thought a moment and then started for the cake over the blue path. It remembered that the red one had been hot. To prove still more conclusively that it remembered, the student next blocked up the blue path, whereupon the ant did without the cake rather than venture after it by the red one.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANZEL, Pastor, 1829 W. Ontario Street.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Sermon and Holy Communion—First Sunday of the month, 2:30 P.M.

Evening Prayer and Sermon—Other Sundays, 2:30 P.M.

Bible Class, 3:45 P.M.

WEEK-DAY MEETINGS.

Clerg Literary Association—Every Thursday, 8 P.M.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

"The Heir to the Hoorah" enters upon its final performance at the Academy of Music to a tune which means a record-breaking business for the entire three weeks' engagement. This sprightly comedy which won full measure of favor during its five months' run on Broadway, has done, as all its predecessors, under the Kirke La Shelle banner, have previously done—more than repeated its Broadway success at the Academy.

The favor which has followed "The Heir to the Hoorah" downtown, is deserved by reason of the superior cast and production accorded this delightful comedy this season. Guy Bates Post, who created the role of Joe Lacy, continues to portray it in his own, sympathetic, virile way, and Ernest Lamson remains the unctuous big brother, Dave, whom every body loved last season. Miss Janet Beecher, a very pretty girl, seen last year as one of the "Gibson Girls" in "The Education of Mr. Pipp," is admirable in the trying character of Geraldine. Miss Helene Lackaye, sister to the noted character-actor, Wilton Lackaye, brings much of charm, buoyancy and magnetism to the character of the sprightly widow, Kate Brandon. The cast is one of the most competent and evenly balanced ever seen at the Academy.

Tickets are now on sale for the remaining performances of the engagement, which will conclude with Saturday night's performance, September 22d. Matinees are announced for Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Following "The Heir to the Hoorah" at the Academy, opening Monday, September 24th, comes Elizabeth Kennedy in "Mizpah."

Keep your eyes on this date.

Masquerade Ball

of the

Hollywood Fraternity of Deaf-Mutes

OF NEW YORK CITY

at

AMERICAN HALL

Bet. 41st and 42d Street,
EIGHTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK

Wednesday Evening,
(Thanksgiving Evening)

November 28, 1906

Tickets, - - 25 cents

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE:

E. C. Elsworth, Chairman,
A. Stern, W. Renner,
H. Powell, B. Zwofee.

(Particulars later.)

PHILADELPHIA.

Don't Forget Donation Day.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

News of the Week.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

September 17, 1906.—Last week we had a few words to say on the opportunity of the deaf of Pennsylvania to help support and endow the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf at Doylestown. Of course, it was but commonplace advice, as we felt sure that our wide-awake deaf are aware of their duty and the importance of aiding that noble charity, but we saw no harm in reminding them and others of the work which has continual claims upon us and should be sped forward in order to obtain a speedy realization of our fondest hope—the endowment of the Home.

Another opportunity is now at hand. The Donation Day Committee has just issued its annual appeal in large post card form. The back of the card contains a cut of the Home and the necessary information of Donation Day, as shown below.

DONATION DAY OF THE HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF AT DOYLESTOWN, PA.

Saturday, October 13, 1906.

You are cordially invited to inspect the Home on Donation Day, at which time donations of MONEY, FOOD and CLOTHING will be gratefully received. Money may be sent to the Treasurer of the Board of Trustees, Mr. S. G. Davidson, 105 E. Durham Street, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia. It can be sent through the Treasurer of the Ladies' Committee, Mrs. John P. Stilwell, Doylestown, Pa., or the Treasurer of the P. S. A., D. M. G. T. Sanders, 7418 Boyer Street, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.

Groceries, Canned Goods, Provisions, etc., may be sent to the "Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf," Doylestown, Pa., direct and prepaid, giving notice of shipment or delivery, with the name of donor, to the chairman of the Committee.

R. M. Ziegler, Chairman,
205 W. Mt. Pleasant Ave., Mt. Airy, Phila.
J. M. Rolshouse, Pittsburgh
R. M. Barker, Johnstown
Charles Buchter, Lebanon
Charles C. Clark, Scranton

Committee on Donations, representing the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf.

Mrs. W. A. Sadlemeyer
Mrs. Henry A. James
Mrs. Paul H. Applebach
Mrs. J. Riley Bergery
Mrs. Jeffreys
Mrs. A. L. E. Crouter
Mrs. Hugh B. Eastburn
Mrs. B. F. Fackenthal
Mrs. Mary Hendrix
Mrs. E. Kochersperger
Miss Ellen D. Smith
Mrs. John P. Stilwell
Mrs. Augustus F. Poor
Miss Carrie Rouse
Mrs. George T. Sanders
Miss M. Estel Siegler
Mrs. Harvey Schuler
Mrs. William Stuckert
Mrs. Margaret J. Syle
Mrs. William B. Weiss

THE LADIES WILL SERVE LUNCHEON IN THE AFTERNOON.

A surprise birthday party was given to Miss Rosa Madenspacher by Mr. James Weeney, at her parents' residence at Darby, Pa., last Saturday evening. An enjoyable time was spent in playing some amusing games. Refreshments were served. Miss Madenspacher was the recipient of a good number of pretty and useful gifts. Those who attended the party were Mr. and Mrs. Otto Madenspacher, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Fritz C. Moeller, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Leedom, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Palmer, Misses Mamie McBride, Sarah May, Ethel Holmes, Freda Pollock, Katie Kling, Catherine Gannon, Annie Madenspacher, Messrs. Walter Jacobs, R. Reed Robertson, Joseph Walls, John A. Roach and Weeney.

Mr. Jacques Alexander, of New York, was a visitor at the Clero Literary Association meeting last Thursday evening.

Mrs. Thomas O'Brien, of Scranton, Pa., (nee Jennie Donohue), is in town, visiting her folks.

Mr. Laib Hamburg, who has been seriously ill at German Hospital for about a month, is now on the road to recovery. He may leave the hospital in a few days.

Among other visitors at the Clero Literary Association meeting on Thursday, were Messrs. Leir and William Cooper, former Philadelphians, now of New Bedford, Mass. William Cooper left town on Friday, for Virginia for a short stay before he returns to Washington, D. C., to resume his studies at Gallaudet College.

Roy D. Keeney and John A. Roach took the last of the Pennsylvania Railroad's weekly excursions to New York City on Sunday, to enjoy the sights in the Metropolis and Brooklyn, where they called on their old classmates, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore A. Little, Jr.

The Gallaudet Club will hold a stated meeting at the residence of Secretary Reider, on Friday evening, 21st inst.

Mrs. Aaron Witneyer and Mrs. Abraham Marshall have returned to the city after a pleasant visit of two weeks to points in Lancaster County. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James T. Young while here.

The three-months-old infant boy of Dr. and Mrs. A. L. E. Crouter died on September 5th, and was buried in Burlington, Vt. Both Dr. Crouter and Mrs. Crouter accompanied the remains to its last resting place.

R. Reed Robertson, Chairman of the Social Committee of the Clero Literary Association, informs us that an enjoyable social will be arranged for Thursday, 27th of September.

On September 23d, the Clero Literary Association will be forty-one years old.

George E. Garrison, of Atlantic City, was a visitor at All Sons' last Sunday afternoon. Other visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Lewis I. Ash, of Phoenixville, Pa.

J. T. Elwell's mother died and will be buried in Cedar Cemetery to-day.

The following is contributed by Jerome T. Elwell:

On the eve of the 10th inst., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Lipsett, an informal reception was tendered Mr. and Mrs. John A. Boland, of Romney, W. Va., by a number of their old schoolmates and deaf friends, of Philadelphia. The number and quality of those who attended was a pleasant surprise to them both, and was evidence of the popularity in which they are held in this section of the State. Mr. Boland is a man of more than usual avoirdupois and girth, tipping the scales at 285 lbs. But in conversation with him one is apt to forget his physical quantity in the quality of a well-developed head. He possesses the knack of clear and concise expression both in use of English and signs, which make conversation with him a pleasure. He is a graduate of Gallaudet College, and an instructor in the West Virginia Institution for the Deaf.

Mrs. Boland came of a well-known family of deaf-mutes, the McClurgs, of Pittsburg, Pa. She attended several schools for the deaf, including the old Pennsylvania Institution. She is good looking, has a pleasant, expressive smile, and is evidently a faithful helpmeet of her husband.

The menu at the reception was quite a toothsome, if not a very elaborate affair, with the usual delicatessen features left out. There was a huge punch-bowl of claret lemonade, with R. E. Underwood as boss and lord, high grand past-master and dispenser. This nectarous liquid was the lubricant that helped the guests to wash down "ten quarts of assorted ice cream bricks," and a galore of fancy cakes, pears, peaches, bananas and white grapes, all to the perfect satisfaction of the inner man and woman, too.

Those who had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Boland were, including Mr. and Mrs. Lipsett, Rev. and Mrs. Dantzer, Mr. and Mrs. Soseph Mayor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. Purvis and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stumpf, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Buch, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis, Mrs. Syle, Mrs. Belknap, Miss Alice Leister, Miss F. Pollock, Miss Eva Beckett, Miss Holmes, Messrs. Lloyd Hutchinson, Wm. McIntyre, Jr., Herbert Robb, James Robb, John Luke, Peter Huster, Henry Orth, G. W. Huston, Thomas Moss, and Durham Halls had to be taken down and rebuilt, and the tower on Bartlett Hall, having already come down in the earthquake of April 18th, had to be rebuilt. The ceilings and walls of most of the buildings were also badly cracked, and this was true to such an extent in Durham Hall that the ceiling of the third floor was replaced with a new device, an embossed steel plate, which is not only very ornamental, but as one of the girls optimistically remarked "will be safe when the next earthquake comes." The dust and rubbish resulting from all this work made the annual vacation cleaning more of a task than usual. The regular date for the opening of school is "the fourth Wednesday in August," but in order to allow ample time for the final scrubbing and scouring, the date for the first day of school was fixed on the fifth Wednesday, the 29th of August. Even the delay afforded none too much time, but it was enough, and Thursday morning found the classes running as usual, with most of the pupils in attendance and every prospect of a busy and prosperous year ahead.

The disorganization of San Francisco's trade has affected the Institution in various ways connected with the purchase of supplies. At the present writing, Thursday afternoon, there is not a single sheet of paper in the *News* office for the issue that is due to appear day-after-to-morrow. Enough is promised to suffice for this week and next, but even this has not arrived yet. However we have hopes that it may materialize in time.—*Cal. News.*

Mr. Kohlmann got into the Union by a streak of magic after a short job in an "open" print "shop." He quickly joined the Union, quit his job, and is now drawing regular pay from the Union like Messrs. Underwood, Robinson, McCarthy & Co., for killing reed birds down on the marshes of the Delaware, near Camden, N. J. What he does not know about reed-bird pot-pie isn't worth knowing. But what these topographical fellows know about their Unions seems a little too cute for anything. Wish we were one.

Mr. Robert Reed Robinson, of Sharon Hill, Delaware County, was in town the other day. While out on the strike he has been studying, and hopes to be a mechanical draughtsman some day, as he is not satisfied to "leave well enough alone."

Mr. Eugene McCarthy is a native of Philadelphia, but a graduate of the Buffalo, N. Y., Deaf-Mute School. He is quite a young man, about six feet tall and nicely proportioned physically. He has a countenance and manner that speak well of him, his face having a kindly, intelligent expression. He dresses well, but not too expensively. He is a staunch adherent of the Roman Catholic Church, and for that reason is not a member of the Clero Literary Association. Not long ago he was married to Carrie Aspinwall, of Millville, N. J. Now all the coy and eligible deaf maidens with winsome ways will step aside and let him pass.

Mr. Carroll, a semi-mute employed in the Chicago Post Office, (which is said to be tumbling down) was in town a few days ago, perhaps to escape being crushed to death by the threatening wreck, but he asserted he was only on his vacation trip. He had seen Philadelphia before, and marvelled at the aspect of the city's transformation within the past few years. But he says Chicago saloons have bigger and thicker plate glass mirrors than those of Philadelphia. He met some deaf-mutes here by merest accident, and left a favorable impression on your correspondent. He was troubled with sore feet after tramping about the city's magnificent distances, and after a few days' sight seeing, left at midnight to get a glimpse of New York before returning to Chicago. As he is well posted in conventionalities there is nothing mean about him, when he runs up against a member of the deaf-mute fraternity.

Echoes of the excursion to Woodland Beach are "ancient history," yet the reverberating sound of the past may be of some interest. It was mostly a "pure oral" affair. It was quite a success financially and the numbers who attended. But it was not much of a success to those who forgot to bring their own picnic basket of good things with them, as those obliged to pay the price of a lunch at the restaurant or saloon had a pretty tough time of it.

The excursion would have been a much greater success if the sign-taught class had been better represented. How it happened that so many prominent persons of this element failed to turn out and give the excursion a boost, we can not understand, unless it was a curious coincidence. Among those who "had other fish to fry," or ought to have known better and shown up, were Messrs. Franz, Breen, Dantzer, Reider, Ziegler, Paul, McKinney, Sharar, Houston, etc., and the Mrs. Syle, Roop, Sharar, Stevens, Sanders and many others.

Mr. Partington brought his family along, including his camera and the indispensable picnic basket. The group he "took" assembled on the wharf at the Beach, with the steamboat for a background. There are probably over one hundred in the picture. We have not seen it yet, but heard it is a good one. Mr. and Mrs. Partington live in Chester, Pa. They are from England and use the double hand with greater facility than the single hand or signs. They converse together in the double hand alphabet, but use signs when talking to other deaf-mutes.

CALIFORNIA.

During the vacation just closed there was much done in the way of repairs. Most of the chimneys had to be rebuilt. The towers on Strauss, Moss, and Durham Halls had to be taken down and rebuilt, and the tower on Bartlett Hall, having already come down in the earthquake of April 18th, had to be rebuilt. The ceilings and walls of most of the buildings were also badly cracked, and this was true to such an extent in Durham Hall that the ceiling of the third floor was replaced with a new device, an embossed steel plate, which is not only very ornamental, but as one of the girls optimistically remarked "will be safe when the next earthquake comes." The dust and rubbish resulting from all this work made the annual vacation cleaning more of a task than usual. The regular date for the opening of school is "the fourth Wednesday in August," but in order to allow ample time for the final scrubbing and scouring, the date for the first day of school was fixed on the fifth Wednesday, the 29th of August. Even the delay afforded none too much time, but it was enough, and Thursday morning found the classes running as usual, with most of the pupils in attendance and every prospect of a busy and prosperous year ahead.

The disorganization of San Francisco's trade has affected the Institution in various ways connected with the purchase of supplies. At the present writing, Thursday afternoon, there is not a single sheet of paper in the *News* office for the issue that is due to appear day-after-to-morrow. Enough is promised to suffice for this week and next, but even this has not arrived yet. However we have hopes that it may materialize in time.—*Cal. News.*

"Our old friend Smith has made quite a name for himself since he came in for his uncle's money."
"I hadn't heard of it."
"Oh, yes! He calls himself 'Smythe' now."

Scribblings.

SEATTLE OR DENVER?

'Tis passing strange that only one place (Norfolk) made a really determined effort to get National Association of the Deaf Convention for 1907. And now, nearly four years in advance, there are two places asking for the 1910 meeting—Seattle and Denver. To be sure Seattle wants it to be held in 1909, at the time they have an exposition there. The Colorado Association of the Deaf guarantee a welcome "and a good time, second to none in the past and hard to beat in the future," and say they "shall be backed by a fund of a thousand dollars, etc." Up to date I think the record for giving a Convention a general good time is held by the Minnesotans, who claimed to have spent six hundred dollars in entertaining the N. A. D., in 1899.

The New Mexico Superintendent—The hue and cry which has been raised over the appointment of W. O. Connor, Jr., to succeed Lars Larson as Superintendent of the New Mexico School lacks justification. A deaf gentleman without any axe to grind, was in the vicinity of Santa Fe, not long after the appointment was made. He is authority for the statement that when Mr. Connor was first offered the position, he declined it, saying he did not want to be the cause of Mr. Larson's removal. He was then told the Trustees were bent on having a hearing man as Superintendent. It was said the Trustees were dissatisfied with Superintendent Larson for several reasons, one of which was his inability to talk with the parents of the pupils, most of these parents being Mexicans or half-breeds. This, of course, was a great disadvantage. If Mr. Connor had not accepted the position, it would have gone to some other hearing man, possibly one unfamiliar with the deaf and their education. Who, then, can blame Mr. Connor?

SIGN LANGUAGE CAPTURES MISS JENNINGS.

The deaf should congratulate themselves on the acquisition of such a learned and able champion of the sign language as Miss Alice C. Jennings proves herself to be in her paper "Is It Beneficial to a Deaf Oralist to Learn the Sign Language?" The pity of it is that she did not long ago learn signs. Her paper is very interesting, describing her experiences and sufferings during the many years she was an opponent of signs, as well as the happiness she now derives from their use.

MISS ATKINSON'S VIEWS.

Miss Emma Atkinson, in commenting on Miss Jennings' paper says, among other things:—"The deaf person who speaks, reads the lips, and who uses the manual alphabet fluently to the exclusion of signs—though he may know them perfectly well—is more popular, more influential, and more contented with all classes of people than the one who lives in the sign-language mainly."

If a deaf person familiar with signs should, in a mixed assemblage of "sign people" insist on *spelling* everything he wanted to say, would he be more popular? The chances are that he would be voted a bore. I recall my own experience during my first year in a sign school. I used "the manual alphabet fluently" to the exclusion of signs, because I knew only a few signs. I did not become more popular on that account. Quite the contrary was true, for only a few of the pupils had the patience and kindness to spell to me and read my spelling. The more signs I learned the more popular I became. A few years later a young man, who had recently become deaf, entered the school as a pupil, but really to learn the alphabet and sign language. His experience was the same as mine. We were more than willing to use the alphabet, but the pupils moted out to us the same indifferent treatment which they received from hearing people.

DEAF CHARACTER IN WILKIE COLLINS' NOVEL "HIDE AND SEEK."

Being on this subject of the manual alphabet, I am reminded of the deaf heroine in "Hide and Seek." Collins must have been intimately acquainted with some such person, and got to understand something of the sentiments of the deaf on the difficulties of communication between them and hearing people. This is shown by the following extract from the book. It referred to Mrs. Blythe interpreting to the deaf girl, Madonna, the conversations that were held when she was present.

"Nothing was more characteristic of Mrs. Blythe's warm sympathies and affectionate consideration for Madonna than this little action. The kindest people rarely think it necessary, however well practised in communicating by the fingers with the deaf, to keep them informed of any ordinary conversation which may be proceeding in their presence. Wise disquisitions, witty sayings, curious stories, are conveyed to their minds by sym-

thizing friends and relatives, as a matter of course; but the little chatty nothings of every-day talk, which most constantly employ our speaking and address our hearing faculties, are thought too slight and fleeting in their nature to be worthy of transmission by interpreting fingers or pens, and are consequently seldom or never communicated to the deaf. No deprivation attending their affliction is more severely felt by them than the special deprivation which thus ensues; and which exiles their sympathies in a great measure, from all share in the familiar social interests of life around them."

SCRIBBLER.

OBITUARY.

Only waiting till the shadows
Were a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam had flown.
Then from out of gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars did rise,
By whose light her soul did gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Friday, August 31, 1906, marked the passing away, after a long sickness, of that beautiful personality, Mrs. Henry F. Greer, nee Christiana Roemer. Born in Baden-Baden, Germany, sixty-one years ago, she came to this country with her parents at the age of four. A year later she entered the New York Institution for Deaf and Dumb. Harvey P. Peet, then the principal, placed her under the instruction in the class of the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, where she was loved and petted by all.

Her honesty and kind heart of early years, developed into generosity and benevolence in later life, and although she was poor herself, she never refused the shelter of her home to any one who sought it. Twenty-two years ago, she married Mr. Henry F. Greer, who survives her.

Monday, September 3d, Rev. Dr. Chamberlain conducted the funeral service at her late home, which was attended by a large number of friends and relatives.

Floral offerings were numerous and beautiful, especially the one from a number of her oldest friends with the inscription: "To One We Loved"

She was buried in Cedar Grove Cemetery, L. I. To the grief-stricken husband, the deepest sympathy is extended in this hour of his bereavement.

THE COLORADO ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF

desires to entertain the Convention of the N. A. D., to be held in or about 1910.

We guarantee a welcome and a good time second to none in the past, and hard to beat in the future, and shall be backed by a fund of one thousand dollars, not counting receipts from sale of banquet tickets, concessions, etc.

G. W. Veditz, Colorado Springs, President.
F. L. Reid, Denver, 1st Vice-President.
S. M. McGinty, Denver, 2d Vice-President.
M. J. Koster, " Secretary.
F. A. Lessley, " Treasurer.
F. O. Mount, " Trustee.
K. M. Mount, " Trustee.
Mary Donnelly, Colorado Springs, Trustee.
John C. Nash, Pueblo, Trustee.

STEEPLECHASE PARK, CONEY ISLAND.

Steeplechase, the funny place, continues to entertain thousands of persons every day, even at this late season. Thirty thousand admissions in a day is not exceptional business for this ideal family resort by the sea. Twenty-five attractions, including admission to the park, to be had for twenty-five cents.

The ballroom is the largest and best on the Atlantic Coast, and with the exception of the world-famed tank of the New York Athletic Club the night swimming pool at Steeplechase is the largest in the country. It is brilliantly lighted by electricity, and the dressing room accommodations are ample. Thousands of business men, who cannot reach the beach early enough for surf bathing, make a practice of taking this refreshing exercise.

There is a cakewalk every Friday evening and waltzing for prizes every Wednesday evening. On week days Foxy Grandpa gives free toys to all children.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

September 1906.

NOTICE.

24-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
3:00 P.M., St. John's Chapel, Lowell.

30-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
3:00 P.M., Grace Chapel, Providence.
4:00 P.M., New England Home, Everett.

Services every Friday at 3:30 P.M., at the New England Home, Everett.

S. STANLEY SEARING,
Diocesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes,
564 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

CHURCH NOTICES.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, SEPTEMBER 23.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P.M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.
St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 10:30 A.M.

Literary Entertainment in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday evening, September 25th. Free to all.

OHIO.

Improvements at the Institution.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

Wedding Bells Ring Merrily.

News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. Greener, 933 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.

September 15, 1906.—When this is in print the machinery of the Ohio School will be revolving. There will be some surprises and many!! from pupils on their return when they behold the improvements made in the chapel, dining room and elsewhere. Shortly after the close of school the chapel walls were cleaned of their paper covering. A metallic ceiling put in, which, with the walls has been frescoed with a pleasing tint, the whole giving a brand new appearance. The motto of the Institution, "Let there be Light," above the center of the stage, has been made more prominent, and on the east and west sides is surrounded by the national colors. The appearance of the dining room ought to make the pupils enjoy their meals, at least, even if the bill of fare is not up to that of a king's. Here, too, a metallic ceiling takes the place of a board one and the whole hall repainted. A border extends around the whole room and there are fruit design ornaments between the windows and at corners. The color is of a light shade. New chandeliers have also been given to the old ones, and when the room is lighted up the effect is most attractive. The C floor school rooms and hall of the school building were also painted, the other floors having thus been treated last year. New floors have been given to those which have seen service since the building was completed in 1868, in the girls' rooms on the D floor of the main building, the leaky places in the roof have been repaired, also the heating apparatus where it was needed.

Mr. Jacob B. Showalter was recently appointed boys' supervisor in the Institution here, and as he will leave Dayton on the 17th to assume his new duties, his many friends there decided to testify their esteem for him in some fitting manner. So a surprise party, into which Mrs. Showalter and their son Benjamin were let into the secret to help carry out the scheme, was decided upon for last Thursday evening, and so effectually were the preliminaries carried out that it proved the real thing for Mr. Showalter. As is his custom, the doors are all locked and the blinds drawn about eight o'clock, and then the evening paper has his attention until its contents have been perused in the library until tired nature asks repose. On this occasion there was something doing about his porch—some one was stringing up lighted Chinese lanterns, and a crowd was gathering from sections of the city to the place. Then came a loud rap on the door that startled the man wrapped up in the news of his paper. Down went the paper, up went the blind of the window, and as a red flare met his gaze, he was scared, for he imagined fiery flames had possession of his house. He made a rush to the door and on opening it soft arms of the daintily gownned ladies of the Aid Society encircled him, and instead of fire the soft red lights of the Chinese lanterns glowed, and back of these stood the members of the Advance Society. The shock of impending danger to that of being in the hands of friends was complete, and it was some time before he could recover, and when he did Mr. James H. Smith came forward and said that the Advance Society and the Ladies' Aid Society had conspired against him, but had come as one body to show him their sincere feeling and esteem for all he had unselfishly done for their good, and now that he was about to leave them, words failed to express how sorry they were to lose him from their midst. His wise counsel would be missed, but all he had done would live on. The Ladies' Aid Society, whose stand-by he had been, could not find expressions strong enough to convey to him their feelings. As a slight token of their good will, Mr. Smith handed Mr. Showalter a beautiful pair of gold cuff links, in behalf of both societies, to carry away with him as a reminder of their heartfelt appreciation of his services to them.

Mr. Showalter, after recovering from this unexpected manifestation of good will, said he could not find words warm enough to express his appreciation of their loyalty to him. Such friendship was indeed sweet. It had been a pleasure to him to assist them, and he would continue it and also retain his membership. Some games were then indulged in and then ice cream and cakes were passed around. While Mr. Showalter was enjoying his dish, Mr.

Nelson I. Snyder advanced to the middle of the room, and calling Mr. Showalter's attention thus addressed him:

Mr. Showalter, we come uninvited, but as friends and with an object. You, Mr. Showalter, are about to leave this city, which for a number of years past has been your adopted home, and during that time you and your wife have been leading factors in the social functions and other events which have transpired among the silent folks of Dayton. Such pleasant relations, we realize with sorrow, are soon to end. Our object in coming, of course, is to spend a few hours in social intercourse and to wish you well in your new field of labor. In behalf of the members of the Advance Society and the Dayton Ladies' Aid Society, I beg of you to accept this suit case as a token of the esteem in which we hold you, and trust that both you and Mrs. Showalter will bid us welcome this evening.

Carolyn, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Snyder, then handed the case to Mr. Showalter, who at the words just spoken and the gift presented was so overcome that he could go no farther than to say "Thank you." It was nearly midnight when the guests departed, bidding Mr. and Mrs. Showalter, God-speed.

Gussie Howe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greener, was married, Tuesday evening, to Mr. John K. Sherman, at the parental home, by Dr. S. S. Palmer, of Broad Street Presbyterian Church. Their future home will be in Richmond, Ind. Mr. Sherman is assistant Superintendent in the engineering department of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

This is taken from the Columbus Dispatch.—

Rev. Mr. Eagleson, of the Associated Charities, officiated at a deaf and dumb wedding, Wednesday evening, at the home of Mrs. Carrie F. Hosie, the bride's mother, on Clifton Avenue near Taylor Avenue. The contracting parties are Clifton Lacroix Ross, of Haverhill, Ohio, who is deaf and dumb, and Mrs. Mary Ellen Reiley, of Columbus, who is not deaf and dumb although both her parents were. The ceremony was conducted in the sign language by Dr. Eagleson, and the remarks afterwards were spoken for the benefit of the guests. A maid of honor, best man, and six bridesmaids took part in the ceremony. They will reside in this city until December 1st, when Haverhill, Scioto County, will be their home.

The Managers of the Home held their annual meeting last evening, to consider reports. We will refer to them in our next. Mr. Preston L. Stevenson, a member, unable to attend the meeting, facetiously sent as his proxy (a five dollar bill) to take his place and then go to the "Home Fund." Such proxies are always acceptable, we can assure him.

Mr. Wm. H. Zorn left this morning to visit his mother, who lives in Wood County. She is quite sick, and being aged, fears are expressed of her recovery.

Miss Freda Dreyer has returned to the city to keep house for Mr. A. H. Schory. Mr. Charles Schory left for New York City last evening, to join a dramatic company.

Miss Bessie Edgar is back from Pittsburg, where she has been for some weeks and reports having had a splendid time with relatives and former Ohio friends.

Columbus people enjoyed a visit from "Nick" and Alice Roosevelt Longworth this week. Yesterday afternoon the fifty-thousand-dollar McKinley Memorial, at the west entrance of the State House yard, was unveiled, Mrs. Alice pulling the string. So great was the crowd to get a glimpse of the President's daughter, that several women fainted and there was great danger of death and serious injuries to hundreds, to avoid which only a small portion of the program was carried out—the prayer and unveiling. In the evening the speaking part came off in Memorial Hall.

Messrs Nelson I. Snyder and Benj. Showalter have been admitted as members of the Dayton Advance Society.

A. B. G.

Salt, Salarium, Salary.

"When we say a man is not worth his salt," said a philologist, "we use an interesting and classic form of speech. We go all the way back, in fact, to the time of the ancient Romans.

"The Roman workers in the salt mines were paid in salt. The salt that they got in return for their labor was called their *salarium* (salt—salt), or salt allowance.

"The word *salarium*, meaning salt money, or allowance for salt, later on was applied to the fees, or tips men got for odd jobs. 'For patching my toga,' the noble said, 'I will give that fellow a slight *salarium*—a bit of money to buy salt with.'

"Finally 'salarium' came to mean wages, salary, what it does to-day. A salary is essentially salt money, and when we say a man is not worth his salt, we mean he is not worth paying wages to."—*Sel.*

THE COWARD.

"He is a coward," the people of Brillion used to say, pointing to Adolphe Canelle as he passed down the one street of the French-Canadian village trailing a string of freshly-caught dore. "He has been so coddled by his mother, the Widow Canelle, that a young calf has more pluck. He is afraid to go to the lumber shanty in the winter—can do nothing but catch fish. He has no courage—he is a poor cur."

And Adolphe stood as the village butt. During the open season most of his time was spent in his canoe on the river fishing or gathering drift-wood.

He and his mother were sometimes given odd jobs by summer visitors, and occasionally he got a day's employment from the contractors building a canal below the enormous dam which stretched across the Ottawa at Brillion.

In the autumn most of the village men and boys of Adolphe's age went to the lumber shanties, whence they returned in spring as capitalists with their winter's wages.

Adolphe would not go. "I cannot leave my mother; I must stay with her," he told the foreman when he asked him to join. Jeers greeted this, for it was a set idea in Brillion that boys should go to the woods at seventeen.

"You must not leave me, Adolphe," his mother used to say. "You are my only child. You must stay with me. Do not mind what people say."

"No—no, mother! I love you too much."

And he never gave her a sign of the hunger for adventure that was sometimes sore in his heart. It was not all a girl's heart, though simple and loving and afraid to give pain.

Often as he paddled up the river toward the dam he would wonder why the villagers ridiculed him, for he knew that few ran such risks in getting a living as he.

In the eddies of the rapids below the dam were the best fishing grounds of the whole sweep of river near Brillion, and Adolphe would spend days among them, anchored in his canoe, or fishing from some bare rock.

He was well grown, and so expert with the paddle that often he would work his canoe across currents and up eddy after eddy to the very foot of the mighty dam, over which the whole volume of the Ottawa plunged its half mile of width with a roar which could be heard far down the calm expanse of the lower river.

The dam greatly fascinated him. When in the uppermost rapid he eagerly studied the rush of the flood from the crest and noted how it broke below, while countless were the logs, slabs, trees and stumps which he had watched whirl over. Suppose some day a boat should take a plunge—could it live?

Not there, nor there, nor there—his eyes roamed over the torrent—but there, toward the Brillion shore, if the imaginary boat could jump clear of the black-curling water at the very foot, there surely it might escape. But Adolphe shuddered at the fancy; he thought he would not be in the boat for all the world.

The season had not been a good one for the Canelles. Fish had been scarce, summer visitors had been few. To crown all, Mme. Canelle had been seized with illness which grew worse as autumn advanced. She was without medicine, without suitable food, and Adolphe became frantic with grief and terror as he saw his mother failing day by day.

If only he could have Monsieur the Doctor from Ste. Therese! But that would cost \$3. And food—his mother constantly turned away uncomplainingly from pork and fish—if only he could get some food from the store. But curses met him when he asked for credit. "Get out, you worthless good for nothing!" snarled Storekeeper Charlebois to his plea. "If you had the pluck of a water-rat you'd go to the shanty, and so have money."

Adolphe turned to the Ottawa, his friend, and paddled out on its brown current. His mother was worse; she must die unless he could get money.

"O Jesu, do not let her die!" he murmured in numb-hearted agony.

With each stroke his paddle gleamed in the mellow of gold of the northern autumn sun. The boy saw only the gray of death. He paddled on, as a machine.

"Canelle—Canelle!" suddenly broke a shout.

Adolphe was near the canal now. There stood big Sandy MacDonald, the foreman, waving to him.

"Work here for you this afternoon," ran the voice. "Come ashore."

Ashore? Adolphe could not paddle fast enough. A half day's pay! Fifty cents! With that he could buy white bread. Ah! the good Virgin. The Blessed Virgin!

He stumbled up the rock bank to MacDonald.

"Join the construction gang just below the dam," said the foreman.

And Adolphe had shot away to find the gang before Sandy had fairly finished the order.

It was fifty yards from the dam that passed a group of civil engi-

neers. In their centre stood John Cameron, the contractor, who held this rich Government contract. To village eyes he was the biggest man between Brillion and Montreal. Adolphe halted an instant to stare at the demi-god.

"You should have seen the old barge Elsie go over two years ago," one engineer was saying, as he indicated a point of the dam. "She missed the canal piers, and I tell you her plunge was a great sight. She hit the pike's head reef and was smashed to splinters. But what I'd like would be to see the dam shot by canoe. It might possibly be done in one or two spots."

"Well, if any reckless riverman wants to make fifty dollars," broke in Cameron with a laugh, "I'll give it to see him go over in a canoe."

Adolphe heard. Fifty dollars! His eyes darted to the dam while his face flamed scarlet. Then he turned pale. The thought bewildered him. He runs to the dam. But—fifty dollars! It was his mother's life. She could have Monsieur the Doctor. She need not die.

But to go over the dam! Yet how often he had thought that it might be done. But now, how angry was the foam! What a horrible height it was! Ugh! He shivered—and yet—fifty dollars—his mother! He knew well that place where there were no rocks and a swoop of water after the curl back under the plunge.

He wheeled and hurried to where Cameron laughed with his friends. "M'sieu Cameron," he began, with shaking voice, "you give feefty dollar?"

"Who is the fellow?" demanded Cameron.

"Oh! he's a chap from the Brillion side. Sandy has him working here sometimes. He run the dam? Bosh!" "He's making a bluff," laughed Cameron. "Wants glory cheap. Wants to say he offered, eh? I know these French fellows."

Then he looked at Adolphe, "Nonsense! Go back to your work and don't be silly," the great man said, not unkindly, for something in the boy's face had suddenly moved him.

"You say you give feefty dollar for run de dam? You mean that? Den I run de dam for feefty dollar, M'sieu Cameron," repeated Adolphe.

The engineers laughed. "He's got you, Cameron," said one.

It nettled the contractor. He would be made to retract his offer by this quavering scarecrow of a boy.

"Oh, yes," he said, coldly. Fifty dollars—why, certainly. After you run it. When will you go?"

"Right off. I go 'cross on de oder side. I go now."

Adolphe turned to the river. "He seems to mean it," said Cameron, somewhat aghast.

"Pooh! He's just keeping up the bluff," insisted the engineer, and Cameron let him go. Yet it became known almost at once along the works that Adolphe Canelle intended to run the dam. Men gathered in knots to discuss the thing.

But keener was the wonder on the Brillion side of the river. Adolphe Canelle—that coward—to run the Brillion dam and rapids! Not Indian Minette himself, great est of voyagers, whose name was known from Quebec City to Lake Temiscamingue, would dare such a thing. It was death almost certain. Adolphe Canelle! Incredible!

But, not! There was no mistake. Soon Adolphe passed up Brillion's street, carrying his canoe over his head. The village turned out and went behind him. For once he was followed without jeers.

At the dam most people halted. Adolphe went on half a mile above, for he needed a long course from the "draw" of the dam in order to go over at the place chosen.

He kicked off his boots then, kneeling in his canoe a trifle aft, paddled her far out and pointed her down stream.

His body felt cold. His head was dizzy. Everything seemed unreal. An uncanny numbness had possession of him. There was a sickening tightness across his heart.

He paddled mechanically. Was he actually going over the dam? Yes, he was on the water. There were the beams to his left. He vaguely noticed Pierre Latour standing on the third—the one where he caught the big catfish last spring. This was his own little canoe. Yet how strange things were!

He paddled slowly, he might still return to shore.

But he was here for the sake of his mother. He would win fifty dollars! How happy they would be when she got well! His darling mother!

Is the water cold to-day? he wonders. No! No! He will not be in the water. He will be in his own canoe. He must paddle well. He must hold her straight for the pine beyond Durocher's wharf. There, that is it! That is the place to take the jump.

Cie! How the current runs here! The leap will soon come now. Now! Now he must paddle—hard, hard! Speed, speed—that is what will save his life! It rings

in his ear. Speed! Paddle. Adolphe! Force her! The water bubbles from the bows. Lift her now! Lift—drive her through it!

His face is livid. He pants between clenched teeth, giving a queer, strained gasp with each of those wild strokes. All his skill and experience, all the frantic strength of desperation is in this battle for speed.

The twelve feet of bark leaps with each stroke. She far out-speeds the whirling current, and yet she held on even keel and rushed straight as a bullet for the picked spot. Never before was such a paddling seen said old rivermen afterward.

Now it is but a few more strokes. How deafening is the roar! How the smooth "draw" swirls here! But the canoe must not swerve. The pine tree—that is it. A few strokes! Quick ones! Fierce ones! Drive her! Put her through! Drive! Drive!

In the one instant that he was on the brink Adolphe was conscious of the whole scene—the water falling away from him and boiling back immediately beneath; the people to his right on the Brillion side yelling with excitement; the groups of men on the canal in the distance to the left; in front the white seething of the rapids, and beyond that the quiet water of the lower river stretching far away, shimmering in the soft haze of the September afternoon.

He is on the very edge; the bow is already past it—there it is! Notre Dame, what a leap! the good God help him—and his mother!

Then it happened as Adolphe hoped it would if he could get enough speed. Instead of pitching with the water down into that black curling roll of death directly below the dam, the light canoe shot out clear beyond the fall. As he drove the last stroke home he grasped either gunwale with a hand, and squatted lower to save the boat from turning over as she fell.

The drop lasted—lasted—how long? The canoe struck the clear surface just beyond the line of back tow, shipped water, was righted on the second and tore on down the torrent of the river below.

He has done it! Blessed Mary! Now only the rapids are ahead. His mother is saved! He will get the money. The air seems to be full of human sound, mingled with the roar of the water. Most wonderful—it is cheering! It is for him! Adolphe's whole body thrills. He feels what it is to win.

Adolphe? This was not the old Adolphe. He had a new spirit in him. He was no longer a poltroon. It was a man who paddled, who guided the canoe with wonderful skill through the mad swirl of rapids on to Brillion! On to his mother! To money! To a friendly village proud of her son! To the fame of the greatest feat of canoeing known to twenty counties! "By thunder! you're a brave lad," said Contractor Cameron, as he paid the money, "but don't ever do that again." "The Bon Dieu, he must love that boy," the people said.

And Adolphe became the hero of the whole riverside.

To this day the old voyagers of the Ottawa, when recounting deeds of daring, tell this very story of how Adolphe Canelle ran the great dam of Brillion and saved his dear mother's life.—Illustrated Bits.

Don't Whine.

A recent number of *Medical Talk* has an article on the physical effects of "whining." Complaints says the writer, are usually made in the minor key. This monotony rasps the vocal cords, taxes nasal nerves and muscles that should not be brought into play at all in speaking, and tends to shallow, uneven breathing. The whiner, too, is almost without exception a more or less idle, lazy person. The habit of whining itself tends to sap initiative impulse and increases phlegmatic tendencies. Habitual whining, not healthy, vigorous fault-finding where fault really exists, but the helpless, futile complaining of a narrow nature too indolent to make any effort to right the causes of complaint, has a definite deleterious physical effect on the whole constitution. Add to this the fact that fault-finding is more than likely to wear out the stannest friendship, and take the light from the loveliest countenance, and the full effect of this insidious and prevalent habit will be better appreciated.

"Get the whine out of your voice or it will stop the development and growth of your body. It will narrow and shrink your mind. It will drive away your friends; it will make you unpopular. Quit your whining; brace up; go to work; be something; stand for something; fill your place in the universe. Instead of whining around, exulting only pity and contempt, face about and make something of yourself. Reach up to the stature of a strong, ennobling manhood, to the beauty and strength of a superb womanhood. There is nothing the matter with you. Just quit your whining and go to work."

Mrs. Charles A. Smith and her son, Trevelyan, of Trevelyan, N. Y., have returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Gibbs, in Rochester, N. Y.

A Clever Ruse of a Sharp Irish Comrade.

"I tell you, doctor, the man's as deaf as a post! We've tried all the old tricks on him, but they didn't work; I'm for discharging him as soon as possible."

The major in charge of the Second Reserve hospital in Manila looked up from his "morning reports."

"Tried shooting a gun beside his bed?"

"They tried that in the company quarters before we got him," answered the contract doctor. "We've yelled 'fire' in his ear at night, and everything else we could think of, but it's no use—he's deaf, that's all."

The major hastily glanced over the papers in the case, muttering as he did so: "John Earle, private, cavalryman, tall, light."

Under the heading of "Remarks" he read:

"While in company quarters Private Earle, reading a letter he had just received, suddenly turned to another soldier saying:

"Why did that bugler stop in the middle of stable call? The man answered, but Earle insisted that he could not hear what was said. From that moment Private Earle has been to all appearances deaf; all tests have failed."

Then the major looked over the post surgeon's recommendation for transfer to Manila and discharge, and tossed the papers aside.

"Orderly," he said, "go down to the First Reserve and send Steward Maguire here." "Yes, sir," and the orderly was gone.

Ten minutes later Steward Maguire stood at attention before the major.

He was a red-haired, freckled-faced, short, thick-set young Irishman. The major knew Maguire's record; he knew if Earle was deaf, Maguire would know it before another day passed.

His eyes were again on the "morning reports," and he did not look up as he handed Maguire the papers relating to the Earle case.

"I want to know by to-morrow morning whether that's a fake," was his only remark.

"Yes, sir," answered Maguire, as he slipped the papers into his hip-pocket.

"I'll do my best."

As Maguire left the room a smile flitted across the major's stern face, and leaning back in his chair he said to himself:

"I'd hate to have any one give me those orders I gave Maguire. Wonder what he'll do?"

"Now, what's my friend the major steerin' me up against?" mused Maguire, as he pulled the package of papers from his hip-pocket and began reading while he walked along.

"If I thought," he said aloud, "that the ol' guy worked on the theory that it takes a thief to catch a thief, I'd—but it's dead plain that he don't; he heard about me catchin' them deserters in Havana after they'd fooled everybody from the General down—that's all. Now if a man wants to desert, I says, let him desert; it's none of my rations. But when he deserts and don't stop long enough to pay the four-fifty what he owes Maguire—as one o' them did—it's no case for a peace commission."

Maguire stopped; he had reached the coast artillery barracks. As he entered the first sergeant's office he removed his hat, saying:

"I'm Steward Maguire from the First Reserve. Can you let me see the man Private Earle was talking to when he suddenly got deaf?"

"Over there on the third bunk cleaning his gun; his name is Celly. See him?" responded the first sergeant.

Maguire did, and a moment later was seated on the opposite bunk.

"Say," said Maguire, "we're going to discharge your friend Earle, and as the doctors in the States want a full history of the case, I've got to make a full report on Earle's. See? Now there's a transport sails to-morrow, so you see I'm in a hurry. They tell me you were with the poor devil when he lost his hearin'."

"Yes—he was reading a letter, you say? Gee! From his mother, probably. No? From a girl? Is that a fact! Had a tinsotype of her in it! That's too bad."

"This is about all you know? Well, I'll have to make my report on those facts, then."

A hush fell over the surgical ward in the hospital as two attendants, bearing a stretcher, slowly and carefully made their way past the long line of neat white beds.

Patients who were able rose on their elbows wondering who the new arrival was.

"Put him in 32," directed the ward-master—"next beyond that screen there."

The patient groaned loudly as he was carefully transferred from the stretcher to the bed.

"Wouldn't want to be the fellow that sleeps next to him, and hear him groanin' all night," remarked an attendant as he glanced toward the screen.

"That fellow's deaf; that's why I put him here," explained the wardmaster.

Then after taking the new arrival's temperature, the hospital

men left the victim of a "runaway accident on the Escolta" to himself.

At nine o'clock the attendants turned out all lights save four. Patients well enough to enjoy the evening breeze on the veranda were entering the hospital and retiring.

Earle, the "deaf case," was last to enter the room. An incandescent lamp burned near his bed. Pulling the screen around closer, he drew a letter and a small tinsotype from his pocket. Alternately he would read from the letter and glance at the tinsotype.

A sharp shriek of pain came from the injured man, but Earle seemed not to know it.

Finally, taking a last look at the tinsotype he put both letter and picture in the pocket of his coat, which hung over the screen. As he turned away a slight tinkle, like a piece of tin dropping on the floor, could be heard. Instantly he turned, stooped and felt on the floor under his coat.

Then his heart seemed to stop beating; for glancing over his shoulder he beheld a bunch of red hair, freckles and bandages which, as it peered down over the top of the bamboo screen, was heard to mumble:

"Accept the congratulations of Steward Maguire on the sudden return of your hearing!"

Early next morning, as an attendant was sweeping under the cot that had been occupied by the "deaf man," something glittering in the sunlight caught his eyes. It was not the tinsotype of Earle's sweetheart, but an ordinary piece of tin that Maguire had tossed over the screen.—W. E. Gompf.

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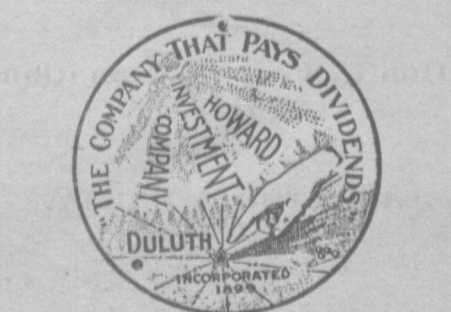
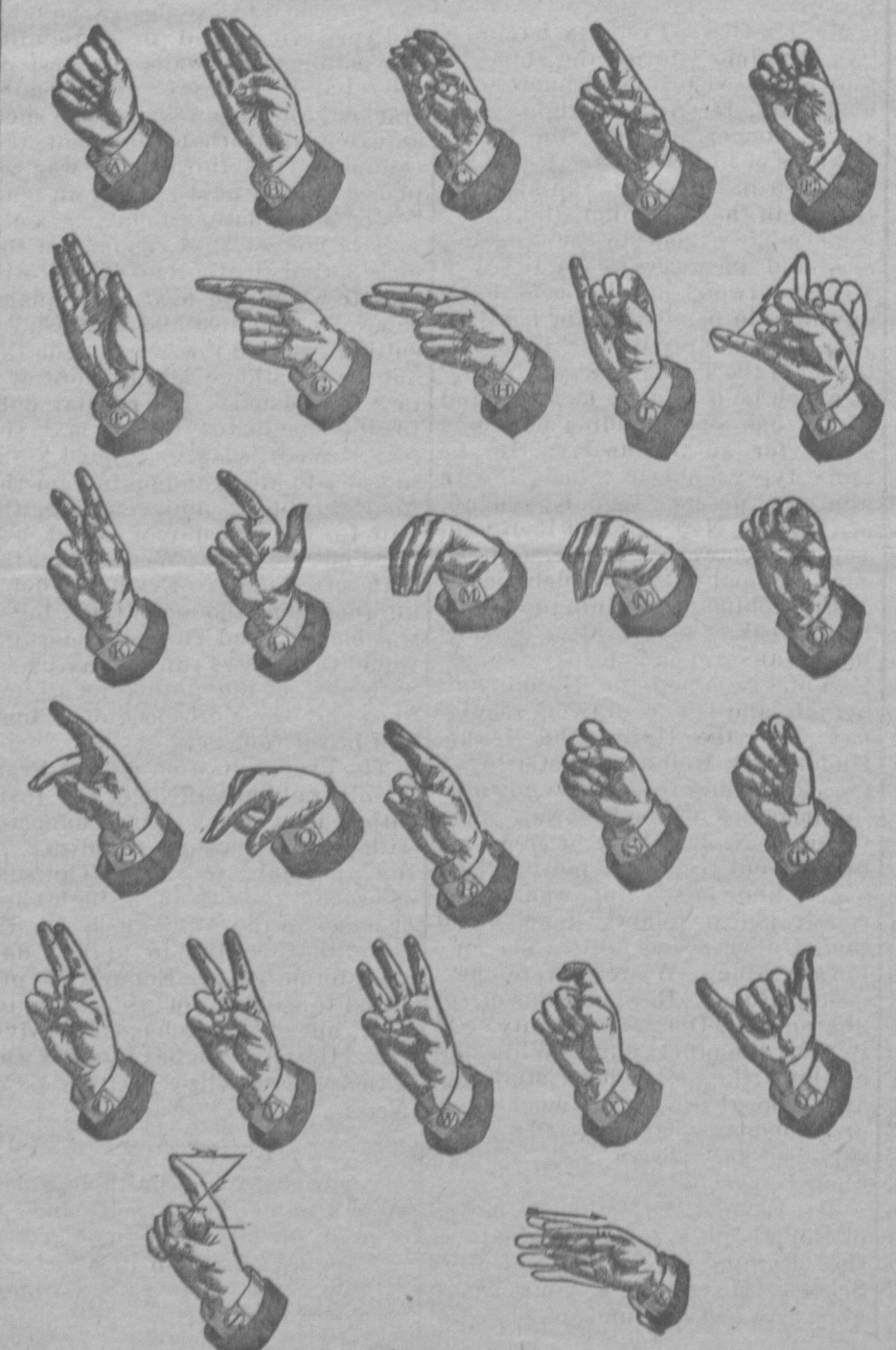
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The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

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